A Democratic Journal, Devoted to the South and Southern Rights, Politics, Catest News, Citerature, Morality, Temperance, Agriculture, &c.

"We will cling to the Pillars of the Temple of our Liberties, and if it must fall, we will Perish amidst the Ruius."

W. F. DURISOE & SON, Proprietors.

EDGEFIELD, S.C., AUGUST 6, 1856.

Letter from Europe.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVERTISER.

Lyons, May 25th, 1856. After ten days of incessant travel, making from 60 to 200 miles a day, in carriage, stage or steam-car, not to count the walking through vinyards and various towns to see the curiosities and antiquities, I had fixed upon the day when I should arrive at Lyons as a holiday. But, unfortunately, the rains which have prevailed uninterruptedly in this district for the last 15 days, and which have produced a great freshet in the Rhone, still continue, and I am compell d to keep my holiday in a little room on the fourth floor of the Hotel de Univers. Under these circumstances, in order to make the time pass as agreeably as possible, I have imagined myself sitting in the front piazza at R., just after sunset of a May evening, and I think I hear you complaining of the monotony of my description, of vinyards, and enquiring if I shut my eyes to every thing except stony soil and little insignificant looking vines, all bare, knotted and knarled. I assure you I have seen and observed a great many other things, but that I did not feel like writing about them, as they have been described over and over again by every traveller from Cæsar to Murray. However, I will allude to a few of the most striking objects on the route. as seen from other than an Ocnological point of view. To commence with the Garonne: after observing my compagnons de voyage on the little steam boat, (whose great length, compared with its extreme narrowness would render it a curiosity on American waters,) among them a soldier from the Cri wea, telling of his battles, a very well educated gentleman from Toulouse, who gave me a lecture on French Literature and afterwards sent me a ticket to the annual meeting of the "Academie des Jeux Horeaux," at Toulouse which is the oldest literary society in Europe, and the only remaining monument of the celebrated Troubadonrs; and an extempori-ing poet, who invited us into the cabin to listen to him, and offered to make any given number of verses, of any required number of feet on any subject that the company w uld propose; who, however, unfortunately for me, met with the usual fate of genius, and failed to obtain a andience; a circumstance which the conducteurs of the diligence regretted exceedingly, assuring me that he was a most excellent poet; and after chatting with a farmer about his vines (I am not going to tell you what he told me) I gave myself up to the sunshine, a bad cigar and the contemplation of the banks of the Garonne, which wafrequently interrupted by the excitement of passing under a suspension bridge, of which there are a grea, number on the river, and as there was a freshet at the

on a level with the swolen stream, planted in Lucerne and crossed by rows of poplars and aubiers. The former are trimmed to the very tops, so that you have hands full of leaves, forming a sort of top-knot. There are swamps edged with a tree which seemed to me ! be the same as our cotton tree, and which filled the air with its white furzy blooms, and there are hills of considerable height which, coming down from onside and then from the other, seem to endeavour to cutch and hem the river in. This it adroitly avoid by winding its folds around their bases, and sometimes when they have pushed too far, the stream has torthem away and left a jagged bluff of jutting rocka couple of hundred feet high, to mark the boundary she has put to their advance. It is on these hills the the traveller remarks now and then a ruined town o dismantled wall that indicates the site of an old feuda castle. Frequently their mouldering battlements wil be seen hanging over a sheer precipice as if they were searching for the houses of the hamlet which has first found shelter under its protecting wall, but which had long ago left it to place themselves under the shadow of the lombardo-gothic church, whose steepland cross rise from the narrow gorge below. An when you look at these little crowded villages, you can almost imagine that you see them on the move circling round and clustering, like a flock of rice-birds as close as can be to the church, while some stragglers, less active or more timorous, had come sliding down the steep slope, crouching behind till the roof touches the hill-side, and lengthened out 2 or 3 stories in front as if to prevent a too rapid descent.

time, we were obliged to lower the smoke stack is

order to get throug , and then only by a tight squeeze,

There is a moral of profound import for those who will listen to it in these deserted castles, these old grey churches, and these moss covered villages. Turn back to the eleventh century, when the castle in all its power stood there upon the heights, and the feudal lord marshalled his mailed knights and stout men-atarms, to repel some hostile chief-or in his turn to hend a foray into the surrounding country. Or see him lead forth to the sound of horn and hounds, his retiune of "faire ladyes" and gallant gentlemen and gentle minstrels, to the chase-and mark how the poor villagers tumble as the warlike array passes, or gaze with amazement at the display of beauty and magnificence. On the same day you might have seen an amb ingspriest left by the " gay companie," descending, with difficulty, the rocky hill side. He makes his way into the narrow vale, and greets, with a hearty welcome, a strange looking party of wayworn travellers, whom he meets there. They wear swords and armour, but there is a monastic air about them which makes you think they may be monks dis guised, and as you turn round you see where they have be n unloading their asses, the ground coveres with utensils of all queer shapes. Who are these men What brought them afar off here into this lonely region, the daily scene of robbing, strife and bloodshed . These are the brothers of the old and respectable ordof Free Masons, who, educated in the bosom of the church, make their way into the most remote coutries to crect edifices, the most perfect that have been built by the hand of man for the worship of " a youn-Jew with light hair," who, 1000 years before, hapreached to a few fishermen and abandoned women of Judea, and had suffered in ignominious death or Mount Calvary. The priest blesses the ground an the quaint looking artisan travellers call down the villagers to assist them in quarrying the stone and raising the walls of the same church that you sestanding there under the hill. And when it was fin ishe there came other priests, who preached to the villagers, and nursed them when they were sick, an comforted them when t ey were distressed. In timit turned out as you see it now. The great Lord and his strong castle and his sturdy warriors have passed away, for the power was a selfish power-and the church which, besides its religion, nused and fosterethe great principles of human association, and the love of man for man, still stands; and the villagerhave gathered round it, to seek counsel, aid and con-

All through this country the people speak two las guages, the Patoise and the French, the latter indeed but imperfectly, and sometimes not at all. Every district has its peculiar Patoise, but there is a general character belonging to them all. Those which I hav heard, being spoken in a country lying between Spot and Italy, bear a great resemblance to those two lan guages. And the reader of Rabelais, and old French. will catch a great many words which have been charged in modern times by the suppression of letters and syllables. The pronunciation is flowing and well articulated ; thus the expression toute de suite, which the Parisans renders in two syllables, is pronounced in Languedos, tout o de suit o, making five

syllables. As far as I know, there is but one author in the Patois-a barber of Agin who has written several volumes of poetry. His name is Jasmin; he is still living and has acquired great reputation by his verses. I intended to get a volume, but I found I would have to make a particular study of the lan : uage in order to read it, so different is it from French.

The people of this country are strongly attached to their native soil, and wholly destitute of the spirit of emigration; indeed so strong is this feeling that I was told of several instances in which young men. who had been drafted into the army, had sold every thing to raise 1,000 frs , to pay a substitute in order to escape the five years service. They are generally well dressed. They live in stone cottages, and whenever I meet them in the vinyards I never failed to remark a basket under the hedge, from which projected, on one side, a bottle, and, on the other, a loaf of bread cut in half and enclosing a good sized chunk of salt pork.

Leaving Toulouse, of which I have before spoken at eleven in the mornin , I descended from the diligence at 71 P. M., at Carcassonne, notwithstanding a ressing invitation from the Conducteur to ride with him to Perpignan, on the borders of Spain, which we would have reached at ten 'he next morning, and where he assured me I would find abundance of fine therries, straw-berries, and good wine. The next morning I occupied myself for an hour or two in walking over the old town of Carcassonne, about a millistant from the modern town, and situated on a high hill, commanding a view of the snow covered Pyre nees. The history of this old fortress is singular. It

was first built by the Romans who raised here a temple to Apollo. After them succeeded the Vicgoths, who were in turn replaced by the Saracens. Charlemagne drove out the Saracens, and in the 11th cenury the Free Masons erected a Catholic Church. It participated in the struggles of the Albigenses, and here early refermers of the church were driven our by Simon de Montfort, who condemned 400 of then o be hurnt. After the inquisition had eradicated the eresy, Carcassonne experienced no new religious evolution until the French revolution, when the

hurch was dedicated to the Goddess of Reason. In visiting the churches of France, the traveller is equently arrested by observing an empty niche. defaced wall, a broken statue, or a tomb (whether he visit the crypts of St. Dennis, where reposed the ashes of the French Kings from Clovis to Louis XV., or the most obscure country grave yard) which has been wrenched open and robbed of its contents. And if he asks his guide, who did that? the answer is, the Revolutionists-the worshippers of the Goddess of Reaon. Let those who would reduce Religion to Rationalism, weigh well the terrible events of the epoch of he worship of this Goddess.

The same day I hired a cabriolet to carry me to Narbonne, about 40 miles distant. Although the

The scenery is varied. There are spreading prairieweather was extremely cold, I was surprised to finour road lined with olive and almond trees, the latter were full of fruit which resembled, in appearance and -ize, young peaches in the month of May. The trer-ason why you should not have a row of almond treen the orchard at R., or, what would be better still t row of olive trees. In the fields I also observed imong the wheat and elsewhere, an immense numbf wild poppy flowers, which I first noticed at Ton use, and which have followed me all the way rounov Marseilles to Lyons. Here too, the mulberry, for the silk-worm, begins to make its appearance, and. is I approached the Rhone, I encountered numerousrchards of them. That night, at one o'clock, I took he malle poste for Montpolier, which I reached th ext morning at seven. So rejoiced was I, in reachor once more the country of railroads, that I lost no ime in taking my ticket for Neimes. The country from the Mediterranean to Bordeaux is travelled by a anal, which enters the Garonne, some 40 miles above he city. Also, the way along the road, I saw the abankment of the railroad which will be completed rom Montpelier to Bordeaux, in two years. Europ-- 20 years behind America in railroads-that is, as regards their number; in quality the European is much uperior. Everywhere there is a double track, anthe roads are walled or hedged in, and faced with gravel and stones, to obviate the dust, from which travellers suffer so much in our country. From Nismes I went to Avignon, and resting only an hour, I look a cabirolet to perform a pilgrimage of some 18 miles, to the fountain of the Sorgue (Surgere, lat) it the valley of Vaucluse (Vallis Clausa) to render homage to the memories of Petrarch and Laura. When we were still some 8 miles distant, the driver called my ttention to an immense funnel-shaped cavity in the side of the mountain, at the bottom of which, he told me, I would find the celebrated fountain, the source of the swift green-colored stream, along whose banks we were driving. It was towards evening when I reached the little hotel, in the centre of the gorge, hut in on all sides, save the narrow entrance through which we came, by precipices. I descended, shivering with cold, from the voiture, and took my path along the stream, a short turn in which brought me face to face with the new-mountain torrent dashing down in a foaming cascade from the bare face of the slightly elevated bank, "and lean his head rock. A few hundred yards and I stood by the side of a spring some 4 feet in diameter, and so concealed by the rocks that you do not see it until you stand

> I sat there and smoked my cigar and thought of the 'oet and his solitude-of the April morning when he first saw Laura enter the Church of St. Claire, and of he 25 years of unparalelled love, of what Socra es ays of this feeling in the divine dialogues of the Phearon and the Banquet, and of how like the poet's soul as this deep, silent source, and the bounding stream nat left its lips to refresh the distant prairies and ring flowers and fruit-how like his thoughts pourng out in verse-himself, the gloomy, remote mounain gorge, listening to the murmurings of his life's arrent. I don't know what I'd have thought of next, when I was startled by hearing the stones rolling beow me, and looking round, I saw a miserable little twarf, hideons even for a dwarf, begging me for alms. flung the end of my eigar into the Sorgue, and, reaembering the mountain trout, and cels, and the be the case here?" raw-fish which the good land-lady of the Auberge and promised me for dinner, I descended quickly and nade my way to the hotel. No sooner had I comnenced my dinner than a ray of light burst in upon ne. The story of Laura and Petrarch is all a fable. He, good man, frequented this delicious spot, not to igh over an unhappy passion, but to enjoy the deli-"Where am I?" he inquired, for his memory many at meal times, a feeling peculiarly strong in im, as you will see from the stress he tays upon it in the letter to posterity a large a lade where is Harry?"

tance of any maukish sentimentality.

upon its edge. As I turned my eyes from the noisy

cataract to its still source of unfathomed depth, with

and to the overhanging mosses of bare rock that seem

ready to fall and close forever the exit to this wild

arbulent force that comes welling out from the very

strails of the earth, a feeling of terror made me re-

il. The next instant I had clambered upon a rock

at overlangs the spring, and I empraced in a single

up d'oeil the winding gorge, that comes leading up

Choice Poetry.

"EVERY CLOUD HATH A SILVER LINING." Ho! all ye weary souls who grope

Along this vale of tears. Your hearts ne'er filled with buoyant hope, But with forboding fears;

Look upward, onward as ye go, And cease this dull repining,-There's never a cloud howe'er so dark,

- But hath a silver lining." Ho! all ye sad and mourning ones, Who wander broken-hearted,

From native homes long parted; Raise ye your ey s to heaven above, Where faith this wreath is twining .-"There's ne'er a cloud howe'er so dark,

From cherished friends dissevered long,

But hath a silver lining." And should misfortune drape your sky In clouds of deepest black,

Or sorrow's rain fall thick and fast O'er life's uneven track, Look upward, and these words ye'll see, In golden letters shining,-"There's ne'er a cloud howe'er so dark,

But hath a silver lining." And should the wealth which ye have gained Take wings and fly away, And adverse winds blow cold, around

Thy tenement of clay, Still upward look, and onward press, Give o'er your dull repining .-"There's ne'er a cloud howe'er so dark, But bath a silver lining"

Miscellaneous Reading

THE SPORTSMAN'S ADVENTURE. A SCOTTISH TALE.

During the early part of the summer, in the year 18-, it happened that two young sports-nen in the highlands of Scotland, wearied by long day's shooting, were approaching a hill-ide spring, famous in that wild district for the oldness and pureness of its waters. They

He now mended rapidly; began to sit up.

g on the cliff, and. Her figure xclusively propo-

solders.

*See, was I not so, of "said one in a whope" of mind, when I was aying by the string, soved whis companion. She has been guitaries my life? these; there are a mar still to her hand. But the the iet us descend." The speaker had

noulders.

is gun as he spok at the spok e piece went off, lodging its contents in his for you to drop that formal name. Or, if you ide. He staggered and fell.

ide. He staggered and fell.
"Good heavens!" cried his companion, springig to his assistance, and lifting the wounded ian up, " are you killed?"

The young girl we have described had been "Bless you for the word, Helen," ne said, taking her hand. "Do you know it sounds sweeter now than I ever thought it would!" oried in a profound reverie, but at the report f the wounded man lying on the heather above er, while his friend, lying on one knee, suppored the head of the sufferer. As soon as the face. "if you would not have me keep out of por man saw the girl was watching him, he your sight forever-if, in short, you have any houted and waved his arm for help.

The timid Scottish maiden, who but a mostrain again." And she rose as if to depart.

"Helen, hear me," said the lover, detaining her; "hear me only for one word more. Since

nent before was on the point of flying, now urned and began to ascend the hill-side. " My poor friend," said the sportsman, doffing the hour that you saved my life. I have loved you, and every day I spent in your society has is hat as she approached, " has met with an unortunate accident, and I do not know what to

to, or where to bear him."

A deep blush dyed the girl's cheek as she encountered the gaze of a stranger, but it passed off immediately, and with a presence of mind had caught a second time, but he held it too worthy of one older, she stooped down to see firmly. "You are rich and I am poor." she said at last; "you would some day repent of this if the wounded man was dead. "He breathes still," she said, as she broke off

thing. Even your friends would laugh at your a delicate leaf from one of her lillies and held folly it to his nostril; and looking at his companion, she continued, "do you think you could carry him to the spring?" dignity that quite awed his rapture.

The sportsman answered by carefully lifting his friend up in his arms and bearing him down

the hill-side, the young girl following.
"Place him here." she said, pointing to the against the rock. Everything," she continued now depends on your getting a surgeon soon. the turn of the hill, you will find our cabin.

There is a pony there, which you can take and ride to the little town of Abernethy, some five ken, was moved by the words, and she lingered ken, was moved by the words, and the lingered ken, was moved by the words, and the lingered ken, was moved by the words, and the lingered ken, was moved by the words, and the lingered ken, was moved by the words, and the lingered ken, was moved by the words, and the lingered ken, was moved by the words, and the lingered ken, was moved by If you will follow that path to your right around glossy surface, unbroken by a ripple, save on the very ride to the little town of Abernethy, some five edge, where it dash a down with thundering rapidity, miles off, where fortunately a surgeon may be o course away among the green filds of Provence had. At the cabin you will find a sheperd or two-tell them to bring some bedelothes and a Nor did it long continue to resist his pleadings. settee, on which to carry your friend to the house. It is an humble place, but better than had all along confessed to her own heart. Still the hillside. By the time you get back with the surgeon we shall have your friend in a com-

fortable bed, and I hope doing better." She spoke with so quick a perception of what was best to be done, and did it so composedly, that the sportsman, submitting himself entirely

mission.

When he had vanished around the hill the young girl took some water in her hands, and began to bathe the face of the wounded man. But he still lay insensible, and she persisted in fashionable and with influence; I am the last her task for some time, without any signs of

life being perceptible.
"Alas!" she said, "he is dead! and yet but half an hour ago he was in the full strength of humble cabin, where a few mere dependents manhood. It cannot be—I have heard," she continued eagerly, as if a sudden thought had struck her; and she began to tear open his vest return at the end of the year; and if you forget to get at the wound. "that my grandsire died at Culleden from the blood congulating in the wound, when, if a surgeon had been by he might have been saved. What if this should

She had by this time bared sufficient of his per-on to get at the orifice of the wound. The dark gore had almost stiffened about it. She stooped down and tenderly commenced wiping away the congraled blood. She had not been friend left the Highland cabin, and Helen was such jo alone. Never before had she known what it hear it." long engaged in her task of mercy when the wounded man stirred, and opening his eyes,

his letter to posterity. Laura, a lady who lived in the "If you mean your friend" said the young the spring-side, which she had named for the seighborhood, and who, besides the charms of her lady, "he is gone for a surgeon. I have con- trysting spot if her lover proved faithful. She onversation, doubtless possessed an excellent cook, sented to watch by you till some shepherds had been there already for many hours watchas we are informed that she was a model of a house- come to carry you to our cabin. And here ing with an eager timid heart, half trembling at two gross." wife, was ardently affected by Petrarch for these rea- they come," she exclaimed clasping her hands, her own tolly in expecting him, half angry with sons, in themselves amply sufficient without the assis- equally glad to conclude this embarrassing tete- herself for her doubts; but now, as the gloama tele and see the wounded man placed in a siting came on, yet no Donald appeared, her bosom
like truth; and ends with making truth itself aplike an honorable man? Because he is above
mution of more comfort.

B. untion of more comfort.

"Heaven bless you!" said the sufferer, with and looked up the bridle path, but nobody was emphasis. "You have saved my life." in sight. At last the stars began to come out; In a few moments the wounded man was placed on a settee brought by the shepherds, and the little cavalcade wended its way toward the cabin. "I might have known this," she said saidy, the two does of the affects. "Do not all my books tell me the same? Ever added to the said said to the sai side stalked sadly the two dogs of the sufferer; the old story of trusting woman and deceiving and the dumb animals, with a sense almost hu- man." man, so if appreciating her kindness to their At this instant on arm was thrown around her master, looked up affectionately into her face waist, and a well remembered voice whispered every few steps. The cabin was like those existing her ear: "Now, Helen, dear, one of our cruisting everywhere in the highlands-a rude but el sex, at least, is falsified. I thought to steal cheerful habitation, but was both larger than on you unawares and surprise you; and so went usual, adorned with more taste inside.

returned, bringing with him the surgeon who you would have frustrated my little scheme by was closeted with his patient for more than an hour, and when he came forth the young girl tiently for this day, and find you mine at last."
was sitting anxiously by the fire, in company A month from that time, Sir Donald Alleys with a middle-aged woman, the wife of one of

"Oh, Mis Helen," said the old surgeon, anthe splendid halls of his ancestors, swering the inquiry of her eyes, "you have say
In that great gallery of the castle ed the life of as brave a lad as ever shot a muircock or stalked a red deer. I know all about it, face, setting by a mountain spring; and the old you see, lassie; you came of a generous and housekeeper, as she goes the rounds with visigallant race," and he patted her head as a father would that of a favorite daughter, adding as if to himself, "itis a pity the Southron has the broad acres that were once her ancestors; and that she coming of a chieftain's line, should Lilly of the Valley. Why. I have never heard." have nothing but a cabin and a few bits of hillside for a flock or two of sheep. The next day the wounded man was pro-

nounced better, but still in a very critical posi-tion and his removal was forbidden by the

"Ye maun keep him here awhile yet, lassie," he said, addressing Helen; "and I'm almost persuaded ye'll hae to be his nurse. He has nae sisters, or mother to send for, it seems; and m-n are very rough nurses, ye ken. Mrs. Colin is here, and will nae doubt help; but ye maun be his nurse, maist of the time, yeerself, 'tis what can't be helped." |
And so Helen, timid and embarrassed, was

compelled, from the urgent necessity of the case, o attend on the wounded man. His friend ndeed remained to assist in nursing him; but he invalid, with the whim of a sick man, soon began to refuse his medicine, unless administer-ed by the hand of Helen. Moreover, until the danger was over, his friend watched every night at his bedside, and in consequence requiring a portion of the day for rest, Helen was necessarily left alone, for hours, with the wounded man. The surgeon for the first two weeks,

will not call me Donald, then I shall address

you as Græne."
"Donald, then," said Helen, archly looking

up and shaking the curls back from her face:

"Mr. Alleyne," she said, though with averted

respect for a friendless girl, do not speak in that

increased that love; but if you will say that

you love another, I swear never to speak on that

subject again."

She endeavored to detach her hand, which he

"Then you love me," said he, eagerly, "Is it

not so?"
But this time Helen faced him, and with a

"Mr. Allevne, will you let me go?" she said.

"I am an unprotected girl, and you presume on

my situation."
"No, no!" he exclaimed, but he let go her

hand. "You, mi-judge me, inded, Miss Græne,

for your blood is as good as mine; and even if it were not, Donald Alleyne is not the man to

irresolutely. Her lover saw the change in her

demeanor and hastened to take advantage of it.

She loved him indeed, only too well, as she

even when brought to half acknowledge that he

had a place in her heart, she would not promise

to be his without a condition. He argued long

and earnestly, but her answer was always the

"We must part for a year," she said, "You

think now, with the memory of your illness

fresh upon you, that you love me; but I am

come of too haughty a blood, though poor now,

to marry even where I might love, on so sudden

of a line proscribed ever since Culloden. Your

place is the gay world, where you will be sur-

rounded by troops of friends; mine is in the

have been my only companions ever since my

return at the end of the year; and if you forget

me. I shell live here with the heather and muir-

Her lover was therefore compelled to submit.

There was a proud independence in her banish-

ment of him which became, he said to himself,

the daughter of chieftains who had fought at

Bannockburn and Flooden Fields, and sacrificed

Two weeks from that time Donald and his

was to be alone. She never knew how much

But even a year will pass, and just a twelve

she loved till her lover was away.

cock as I lived before."

their all at Culloden.

subject again."

same.

around by the cottage to leave my horse there. In about two hours the friend of the sufferer Had you looked behind, instead of before you seeing me I have waited a whole year impa-A month from that time, Sir Donald Allevne

introduced his bride to his ample domains in England: und never had a farier wife entered In that great gallery of the castle is a picture

of a young Scottish girl, with a half pensive tors, pauses before the portrait to say, " That

A SAILOR IN CHURCH.

A celebrated commodore in the American navy, having a few hours to spend in a port where he was unacquainted, concluded on attending a religious meeting, and for this purpose taking with him his favorite servant, he started and vigor not recently known.

"No reader will require to be advised a second."

"Now mind," said he to Jack, as they were Jack, who had been accustomed to obey, as well as see his master obeyed, right or wrong. promised obedience, and they went into church.

A seat was provided for the commodore near the preacher's desk, and Jack, left alone, after looking round the church for some time, was invited to take a seat by the side of the deacon. The minister having the service, proceeded to give out a hymn, and there was a scarcity of books, it fell to the deacon's lot to repeat the lines for the singers.

No sooner had he rose, than Jack, twitching is coat, whispered in his ear-"You'd better be still; I had my orders afore

I came in here, so you'd better be still."

The deacon proceeded to read, and Jack repeated his admonition, but all to no purpose; he had got out the two first lines, and all the oung girl, in the first blush of woman's beauclose by the spring.

She was sitting on a low rock that rose by seed of the form of the collection of the collection of the collection of the form of the collection of the form of the collection of the form of the collection of the collection of the form of the collection of the collection of the collection of the collection of the form of the collection of the collection of the collection of the form of the collection of the form of the collection of the collecti

3. Quarrel with no man; and then no man

will quarrel with you.
4. Do not steal your preaching; a man was

once struck blind, you know, for stealing fite

from heaven.

5. Send your children constantly to school;

they are doing there.

eral soul shall be made fat."

is " pure and undefiled."

and look in now and then yourself to see what

6. Keep all neat and clean about your dwel-

lings : for cleanliness you know, is the handmaid

7. Avoid scandal, for this is a pest to any

community.

8 Be liberal in respect to every laudable pub-

lic enterprise; for the good book says, " the lib-

already forked over quite enough for them.

evening air is bad for them; and finally,

10. Visit the sick, the widow and the father-

less; for this is one part of that religion which

11. Keep your children in at night, for the

12. Feed your mind as well as your body

for that you know must go into the scales at

MECHANICS.-Si. Paul was a mechancic-

maker of tents from goats' hair; and in the lec-

turer's opinion he was a model mechanic. He

was not only a thorough workman at his trade,

but was a scholar, a perfect master, not only of his native Hebrew, but of three foreign tongues, —a knowledge of which he obtained by close application to study during his leisure hours.

while serving his apprenticeship. It was the

custom among the Jews to teach their sons some

trade-a quatom not confined to the poorer clas-

ses, but also practiced by the wealty; and it was

a common proverb among them, that if a father

did not teach his son a mechanical occupation.

he taught him to steal. This custom was a

wise one; and if the fathers of the present day

would imitate their example their wrinkled

cheeks would not so often blush for the help-

lessness, and not unfrequently criminal conduct

of their offspring. Even if a father intended his

son for one of the professions, it would be an

incalculable benefit to the son to instruct him in

some branch of mechanism. His education

would not only be more complete and healthy.

but he might at some future time, in case of fail-

ure in his profession, find his trade very conve-

nient as a means of earning his bread; and he

must necessarily be more competent in mechani-

cal, from his professional education. An edu-

cated mechanic was a model machine, while an

uneducated mechanic was merely a machine

working under the superintendency of another

man's brain. Let the rich and the proud no longer

look upon mechanism as degrading to him who

adopts a branch of it as his calling. It is a no-

ble calling -as noble as the indolence and inac-

" Have you heard that story about number

"It is too gross," remarked C., hesitatingly.
"Oh, never mind, I can stand; let me have it,

" All the better, it will just suit me : I like

A liar begins with making falsehood appear

288 ?" inquired the facetious Mr. C., addressing

his fun loving neighbor B.

"No, I have not," replied B., "let us have it."

by all means," eagerly exclaimed B.

hear what your 288 is that's too gross."

" I tell you it is too gross."

tivity of wealth is ignoble .- Rev. Dr. Adams.

of health, and a distant cousin of wealth.

9. Empty your liquor bottles; for

HOW TO EAT WISELY.

If practice make perfect, mankind should certainly know how to eat wisely; yet the following excellent advice, from Dr. Hall's (ever suggestive) " Medical Journal," contains wisdom that will be new to most people:

"1. Never sit down to table with an anxious or disturbed mind; better a hundred-fold, intermit that meal, for there will then be that much more food in the world for hungrier stomache than yours; and besides, eating under such circumstances can only, and will always, prolong and aggravete the condition of things.

"2. Never sit down to a meal after any in-

tense mental effort, for physical and mental in-jury is mevitable, and no man has a right delibrately to injure body, mind, or estate.

"Never go to a full table during bodily ex-hau-lion—designated by some as being worn out, tired to death, used up. done over, and the like. The wisest thing you can do under such circumstances, is, to take a cracker and a cup of warm tea, either black or green, and no more In ten minutes you will feel a degree of refreshment and liveliness, which will be pleasantly surprising to you; not of the tran-ient kind which a glass of liquor affords, but permanent; for the ten gives present stimulus and a little strength, and before it sub-ides, nutriment begins to be drawn from the sugar, and cream, and bread, thus allowing the body, gradually and by safe degrees, to regain its usual vigor. Then, in a couple of hours, you may take a full meal, provided it does not bring it later than two

hours before sundown; if later, then take nothing for that day in addition to the cracker and tea, and the next day you will feel a freshness

time who will make a trial as above. while it is going, "in the meeting you say not a word; no a fact of no unusual observation among intelli-one is to speak there but the minister." gent physicions, that eating heartily, and under bodily exhaustion, is not an unfrequent cause of alarming and painful illness, and sometimes of sudden denth. These things being so, let every family make it a point to assemble around the family board with kindly feelings, with a cheerful humor and a courteous spirit; and let that member of it be sent from the table in disgrace who presumes to mar the ought-to-be-blest re union by sullen sileuce, or impatient look, or an gry tone, or complaining tongue. Eat in thankful gladness, or away with you to the kitchen. you graceless churl. you ungrateful, pestilent lout, that you are. There was grand and good philosophy in the old time custom of having a buffoon or music at the dinner table."

AMERICA OCCUPATIONS .- In the census returns of the occupations of the people of the

ALL RIGET IN KENTUCKY .- The Liquisville Times, of the 16th inst., assures us that Kentucky is as afe for Buchanan and Breckinridge

as Mississippi or Alabama.
The Louisville Courier, a Whig paper, thus

speaks in its issue of the 14th of the prospects

majority in Kentucky would probably reach ten in thousand; but when the fact becomes, as it will, and more and more clear that Buchanania the only chance to defeat Fremont, there will, we predict, be a general stampede, and we shall not be surprised if his majority in Kennucky reaches double or treble, or even quadruple, that numbers We speak seriously, deducing effect from cause."

THE PROSPECT IN TENNESSEE .- The Nashavad ille (Tenn) Union, of the 9th instant, gives no the following gratifying account of the canyass

in Tennessee:

"We have hid the pleasure, within the last few days, of meeting with a number of the sterling Dem cracy and Old Line Whigs of the side counties of Williamson, Manry, Hickman, Wayne, Giles, Marshall, Bedford, Franklin, and Lincoln. They give us the most positive assuwith our opponents, have expressed their deler-nation to vote for Buchanan and Breckinridge, but Such, we learn by letter, is the case all over the special property of the state of the st

State. "We honestly believe, from present! indications, that Buchanan will carry Tennessee by the ten thousand majority."

ILLINOIS CERTAIN FOR BUCHANAN,—The Chiago Times of the 13th instant puts the follows and og crusher on the idle talk about the result in

"We observe that persons at a distance seem o put some faith in the statements that there is possibility that Illinois will vote for Fremont: We know that it has been said and positively averred by Black Republican orators, that Illinois would vote the opposition ticket. Such an idea when expressed here is considered too state even for a joke. No man in his senses thinks of this State voting for any one but Buchanan As we said when Mr. Euchanan was nominated, the Democracy of Illinois will give him a larger maority, in proportion to the entire vote, than he will obtain in Pennsylvania. Any Pennsylvania ditor who wants to lose a hat on that proposi-

THE PROSPECT BRIGHTENS EVERY DAY IN Onio -A corre-pondent of the Statesmen, at Perryton. Ohio, writes on the 12th Inst; "The Democracy are all in the line, eager for

tion, may apply for our measure at once."

thousand; the saddlers twenty-three thousand There are more confectioners than watchmakers: more weavers than teachers, more vinegar ma-

kers than showmen; and the same number of wigon makers as editors. Strange to relate that, among the returns of the trades, not a politician is enumerated; and the tables of the professions do not include a single patriot. THE DEAD CHILD.—Few things appear so

beautiful as a young child in its shroud. The little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding amongst the cold terrors of death Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow. There is death in its subliment and purest image; no hatred. no hypocrisy no suspicion, no care for the mor-row ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it; there is nothing cruel or harsh in its victory. The yearnings of love indeed, cannot be stifled; for the prattle and smile, all the little world of thoughts that were so delightful, are gone forever. Awe, 100, will overcast us in its presence, for the voyager; for the child has gone, simple and trusting into the presence of its All-Wise Father; and of such.

we know is the Knogdom of Heaven. An Indulgent Mother -Mr. G. W. Kendall of the New Orleans Picayune, is answerable for

the following: "The most indulgent mother I have heard of lately lives some two and a half hour's drive from San Antonio, on the left. It was a long time before she would admit that her eidest and best beloved boy, a retractory and turbulent little fellow, richly merited a flagetlation; and when she finally gave in that he was entitled to " a course of sprous," she contended that he should be put under the influence of chloroform before the saplings were applied. Solomon with all his wisdom, wa behind the present fast age in administering to juvenile delinquents."

HORRIBLE INHUMANITY. - At the late awful railroad accident, in Pennsylvania, a man refused to send his carriage for a physician for any price under ten dollars!
At the shocking railroad catastrophe in New Jersey, about a year ago, an intelligent Ric :mond gentleman was present, who informs us that a crowd of people stood by, not one of

for the sufferers! These are the people who profess to have such overflowing sensibility and sympathy for the imagined woes of slavery! Out upon the hardened hypocrites!

whom could be persuaded to go and get water

LIME.-Rats may be driven from their haunts by placing quicklime in their path, so that they will have to wade through it. Sorrel may be eradicated from the land by the

Fish manured land should be dressed with lime, though not with fish, at the rate of thirty bushels per acre, at intervals of three years. Plaster (sulphate of lime) should always be sown upon the fish, at the rate of one or two bushels per acre.
Old lime in the plastering taken from old

buildings makes a valuable application to clay

same material.

TRUE PHILOSPHY -A noble heart, like the

such jokes; just shut the door there and let me sun, shows its brightest countenance in its low-" Can't do that, for G. stands there listening est estate. We start in life with a great stock of conceit, but it grows less the farther we go

to hear me sell you."
"Well, if you're going to sell me, I should A GENTLEMAN.-It takes four things to make like to know how you're going to do it. Let's a thorough gentleman. You must be a gentle-man in your principles, a gentleman in your "You have heard it twice already, replied C. with a grin. I tell you 288, being twice 144, is tastes, a gentleman in your manners a gentleman in your person.

may be assured that fusion has seen its best days, and is rapidly passing into the grave of forgetfulness, and none will be left to tell its

A POLITICAL JOKE .- We have private authen-

ie advice of an amusing but indicative mistake,

of which Fremont was the victim. In New York city, last week, the free soil candidate went on board the steamship "Orizaba," to say adois" to some California bound friends. A gentleman who was with Fremont, said to Padre Vijil, the Nicaraguan Minister, who was on board, " Allow me to introduce your excellency to the next President of the United States, (making a motion towards Fremont, but not calling him by name). The Padre stepped forward; raised his hat, bowed, and said, "I am very happy to see you, Mr. Buchanan!" Enough said.

A young man in Chicopee, who attempted to kiss a young lady, slipped and fell, loosing his kiss and two front teeth. Poor fellow? And what a disappointment to the young lady.

A young fellow eating some Cheshire cheese, full of skippers, at a tavern one night, exelaimed :"Now I have done as much as Sampson, for
"Now I have done as much as dens of thouhave slain my thousands and tens of thousands."

"Yes," retorted another, "and with the same weapon, the jaw bone of an ass." An Irishman lately bought a family bible, and aking it home, made his first entry in it thus:

Patrick O'Donohue-born Sept, 20th, 1836, aged three years." So great is the sympathy between the nerves

of the teeth and of the ear, that remedies applied to the latter, will relieve the pain in the tormer. Landanum, dropped upon a lock of cotton, and introduced into the ear, will often relieve the tooth-sche. This is quite a popular remedy; and it is upon the same principle, that the actual cautery has been applied to the antihelix of the ear to relieve painful teeth: 30000 RUNNING A HORSE BACKWARDS. The Paris

correspondent of the Boston Post says, an Engish horse was made to travel backwards on the Champs Elyscas, the other day by his owner, the Count de Lancosme Breves, to decide a wager. Crab-like, the docile animal performed five-eighths of a mile in five minutes and thirty seconds. A sporting item worth mentioning.

Novel SUMMER COSTUME .- For the hot weather two cos umes are recommended to gentlemen. One is a whole suit made of india rubber in one pice, to tie tightly at the neck, to fit loosely elsewhere, and from time to time to be filled with cold water or with a lump of ice. Another is more compendious, being n erely-a lady's skeleton petitionat, tied round the neck!

tised that his goods would be sold for a song."

A waggish customer came in and after select. ing such articles as he had desired tendered in payment the Song of Hiawatha. The mer-chant acknowledged that both himself and goods

were fairly sold.

The clerk of a retired parish in England, when reading the third chapter of Daniel, wherein the names of Shadrach, Mesherb, and Abednego are thirteen times repeated, after speaking them once, called them, during the emander of the chapter, "the aforesald gen-

TRAITS of character which you seek to conceal, you had better seek to reform. The first bale of new Cotton was received at New Orleans, from Texas, on the 10th July.